

From the
north and the south

From the
east and the west,

From all
directions, we gather.

Our desires
flowing,

Our
identities crossing,

We work for
bread, shamelessly

We fuck for
pleasure, manifestly.

Within the
trap of assigned genders,

Within the tyranny
of imposed desires,

Within the maze of forced displacements

Within the
life long prison sentence of exploitation

We rise up
and look at you,

We look at
you, as we are.

Your "divide and rule",
your urge to dominate, your urge to put us to the margins
has lost our consent.

Our gaze is
here to stay.

Queer Street Party